THE ASSEMBLE OF GODDES

BY JOHN LYDGATE

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1906

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Printed at Westminster
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The types used are Caxton's type 3 (for the title) and Wynkyn de Worde's type 3, with final m and n etc. from type 1 (in the rest of the book). This type 3 is not known to have been used before 1499.

Mr Sayle remarks that the woodcut illustration is taken from Caxton's second edition (ab. 1483–4) of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

FRANCIS JENKINSON

1906 March 5.

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed.

P. DUJARDIN

AB. 4. 58 (14)

Here foloweth the Interpretacoin of the names of godddes and goddesses as is reherced in this tretyse folowynge as Poetes wryte

¶ Phebus is as moche to saye as the Sonne.
¶ Apollo is the same orelles God of sypht.
¶ Morpleus — Shewer of dremis
¶ Pluto — God of hell.
¶ Mynos — Juge of hell.
¶ Cerberus — Porter of hell.
¶ Colus the wynde or God of the Eyre.
¶ Dyana Goddesse of wode and chase.
¶ Phebe the Mone or Goddesse of waters.
Aurora Goddes of ye morowor sprynge of ye daye
¶ Mars — God of batayll
¶ Jupiter — God of wysdom.
¶ Juno — Goddesse of rychesse
¶ Saturne — God of colde.
¶ Ceres — Goddesse of corne.
¶ Cuppydo — God of loue.
¶ Othea — Goddesse of wysdome.
¶ Fortune — The vayyant Goddesse
¶ Pan — God shepherdes.
¶ Isys — Goddesse of frute.
¶ Neptunus — God of the se.
¶ Mynerue — Goddes of ye batail or of heruest
¶ Bachus — God of wyne.
¶ Mercuryus — God of langage.
¶ Uenus — Goddesse of loue.
¶ Dyscorde — Goddes of debate & stryfe
¶ Attropos — Dethe
¶ Here endeth ye interpretacyon of the names of Goddes & Goddesses as is reherced in the treatyse folowynge as poetes wryte.

Whay Phebus the crabbe had
nere his cours ronne
And toward ye Leon his Jour
ney gay take,
To loke on Pyctagoras spere/
I had begonne
Syttyng all solytary allone besyde a lake.
Mulyng on a maner how ye I myght make.
Realon and sensualyte in one to accorde.
But I coude not bryng about ye manacorde.

For longe er I myght slepe me gay oppres
So ponderously I coud make none obstacle
In myne hede was fall suche an heuinesse.
I was fayne to drawe to myne habytacle.
To rowne w̄ a pylow me semyd best tryacle.
So leyde I me downe my dyeasse to releue.
Anone cam in Morpheus & toke me by ye sleue

And as I soo lay halfe in a traunse
Twene slepyng & wakyng he bad me aryse.
For he sayd I must yeue attendaunce.
To the grete Courte of Mynes the Justyse.
Me nought auayled ayene hym to sylogyse.
For hit is ofte sayd by hem that yet lyues.
He must nedes go that the deuell drynes.

Whay I see noo better but I must go.
I sayd I was redy at his cōmaundement.
Wheder that he wolde me lede to or fro.

¶ Soo vp I arose and forth with hym went.
¶ Tyll he had me brought to the parlament.
¶ Where Pluto sate and kepte is estate.
¶ And with hym Mynos the Iuge desperate.

¶ But as we thyderwarde went by the way.
¶ I hym besought his name me to tell.
¶ Morpleus he sayde thou me call may.
¶ A lyr sayde I thay where do ye dwell.
¶ In heuen or in erthe eyther elles in hell.
¶ Nay he sayde myn abydyng most comonly
¶ Is in a lytyll corner called fantasy.

¶ And as sone as he thyse wordes had sayd.
¶ Cerberus the porter of hell w̄ his cheyne.
¶ Brought theder Colus ī ragges euyll arayd
¶ Agay whom Neptun⁹ & Dyana dyd cōpeyt
¶ Sayngethus O Mynos ꝑ Iuge souerayn.
¶ Gyue thy cruel iugemēt ayē this traytour so
¶ ꝯ we may haue cause to preyse thy lord Pluto

¶ Then was there made a proclamacyon.
¶ In Plutoos name cōmaunded scylence.
¶ Upon the payn of strayt correccyon.
¶ ꝯ Dyana & Neptun⁹ might haue audience.
¶ To declare her grefe of the grete offence.
¶ To hem do by Colus wherof they cōplained
¶ And to begyn Dyana was constreyned.

¶ Whyche thus begyn as ye shall here.

Saynge in this wyse. O thou lorde Pluto.
Wyth thy iuge Mynos syttyng w̄ the in fere
Execute your fury vpon Colus soo.
Accordyng to thofence that he to me hath do
That I haue no cause forther to appele.
Whyche yf I do shall not be for youre wele.

Remembre fyrst how I a goddesse pure.
Ouer all desertes/forestes and chaces.
Haue the guydynge and vnder my cure.
This traytour colus hath mant of mi places
Destroyd w̄ his blastes & daily me manaces
Where ony wood is he shall make it playne.
If he to his lyberte may resorte ageyne

The greteſt trees that ony may may fynde
In forest to shade the dere for her comforte.
He breketh hē alōder or rendith he rote & ride
Out of the erthe this is his dysporte.
So that the deere shall haue noo resorte.
Wythin shorte tyme to noo maner shade
Where thorough the game is lykly to fade.

Which to my name a reproche synguler.
Sholde be forever whyle the worlde laste.
And to all the goddes ay hygh dysplyeser.
To see the game soo destroyed by his blaste.
Wherfore a remedy purueyin haste.
And lete hym be punyshed after his offence.
Coulyder the cryme and yeue your sentence.

¶ And whan Dyana had made her complept
¶ To mynos the Juge in Plutoos presence.
¶ Came forth Neptun⁹ w̄ vysage pale & feynt
¶ Desyrynge of fauour to haue audyence.
¶ Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnyfycence.
¶ I shall reherce what this creature.
¶ Colus hath done me out of mesure.

¶ Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
¶ Ouer all the se and therof god I am.
¶ No shyp may sayl keruel/bote ne barge.
¶ Grete karyk nor hulke w̄ony lyuyng may.
¶ But he haue my saueconduyte than.
¶ who me offendith wythin my Jurysdyccyon:
¶ Owyth to submyt him to my correccyon.

¶ But in asmoche as it is nowlsoo.
¶ That ye hym here haue as your prysonere
¶ I shall shew my compleynt soo.
¶ wherfore I pray you that ye wyll here.
¶ And let hy̅ not escape out of your daunger̄.
¶ Tyl he haue made full sethe & recompence
¶ For hurt of my name thrugh his grete offēce

¶ Hyrst to begyn this Colus hath ofte.
¶ Made me to retorne mi course agein nature.
¶ wyth his grete blastes whan he hath be alofte
¶ And charged me to labour fer out of mesure
¶ ẏ it was grete merueyl how I might endure
¶ The com of my swete wyll testyfy.

¶ That oy the se bankes lye beteyn full hye.

¶ Secundly where my nature is.
¶ Both to eb & flowe aud so thy course to kepe.
¶ Ofte of myne entent hath he made me mys
¶ where as I shulde haue fylled dykes depe.
¶ At a full water I myght not theder crepe.
¶ Before my seasoy came to returne ageyn.
¶ And thay went I faster than I wold certayn

¶ Thus he hathme dryuey ayey myy entente
¶ And contrary to my course naturall.
¶ where I shuld haue be he made me absente
¶ To my grete dyshonour & iy especyall.
¶ Do thynge he vsed that worst was of all.
¶ For where I my sauegard graunted
¶ Ay iy that coste he comonly haunted

¶ Of very pure malyce and sylfwyll.
¶ Theym to destroy iy dyspyte of me.
¶ To whome I promisedboth iy gode & yll.
¶ For to be her protectour iy all aduersyte.
¶ That to theym shulde fall vpoy the se.
¶ And euey sodenly or they coud beware
¶ wyth a sodeyy pyry he lapped theym iy care.

¶ And full oft syth wyth hys boystous blaste.
¶ Or they myght bewar he drof he oy ỳ sond
¶ And other whyle he brake top sayl & maste.
¶ which caused thei to perysh or thei cā to lond

They curled they the tyme ȳ euer thei me fād
Thus amonge the people lost is my name.
And so by his labour put I am to blame.

Consyder this mater and ponder my case.
Tender my compleynt as rygure requyreth
Shew forth youre sencence w̄ a breef clause
I may not longe tary the tyme fast expyreth
The offence is grete wherfore it desyreth.
The more greuous payn and hasty iugemēt
For offence don wylfully wyl non auysement

And whā ȳ god pluto a whyl had hī bethought
He rowned w̄ mynos what was to do.
Then he sayde openly loke thou fayl nought
Thy sentence to yeue wythoute fauoore soo.
Lyke as thou hast herde the causes the too.
And so euenly dele twene thise partyey twein
That none of hē haue case on ȳ other cōpleint

Whenne sayd mynos full indyfferently.
To Dyana & Neptunus is there ony more.
That ye wyll declare ageyn hym openly.
Nay in dede they sayd we kepe none in store/
We haue sayd Inough to punysshe hym fore
If ye in this mater be not parcyall.
Remembre your name was wont to be egall

Well than sayd Mynos now let vs see.
What this boystous Cōlus for hyselfe cay say

For here/Prima facie to vs doth appere.
That he hath offended no man can say naye
wherfore thou Colus wythoute more delaye
Shape vs an answere to thyne acculemente
And elles I must procede vpon thy iugemēt

And euen as col⁹ was onward to haue said
For his excuse/came in a messengere.
Fro god Appolo to Pluto and hym prayde.
On his behalfe that he wythoute daungere
wolde to hym come & brynge wyth hym in fere
Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket
And yf they dyl deyned hyselfe he wold hē fet.

Moreouer he sayde to god Appolo
Desyred to haue respyte of the iugemente
Of Colus bothe of Mynos and Pluto
So Dyana & Neptun⁹ were therwith cōtēt
And yf they were dysposed to assente
That he myght come vnto his presente
He it desyred to knowe his offence

What say ye herto sayd Pluto to hem tweyn
wyll ye both assente that it shal be thus
ye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyne
And I also sayd this Neptunus
I am well pleid quod this Colus
And whan they had a whyle th⁹ togyd spoke
Pluto commaunded the court to be broke

¶ And thay togeder went they in fere.
¶ Pluto and Neptunus ledynge the goddesse
¶ whome folowed Cerberus w̃ his prysonere.
¶ And alderlast wyth grete heuynesse.
¶ Came I and Morpleus to the forteresse.
¶ Of the god appolo vnto his banket.
¶ where many goddes and goddesses met.

¶ Whay Appolo se that they were come.
¶ He was ryght glad & prayed theym to syt.
¶ Nay sayd Dyana this is all and some.
¶ ye shall me pardone I shall not syt yet.
¶ I shall fyrste know why Colus abyde.
¶ And what execucyon shall on hym be doo
¶ For his offence/well sayd Appollo.

¶ Madame ye shall haue all your plesere.
¶ Syth that it wyll none otherwyse be.
¶ But fyrste I pray you let me ỳ mater here
¶ why he is brought in this perplexyte.
¶ well sayd Pluto that shall ye sone se.
¶ And gay to declare euen by and by.
¶ Bothe theyr complayntes ordynatly.

¶ And whay Appolo had herd the reporte
¶ Of Pluto in a maner simplynge he sayd.
¶ I se well Colus thou hast small comforte.
¶ Thy selfe to excuse thoumayst be dysmayde.
¶ For to here so grete cõpleyntes ayen the layd
¶ And notwythstondyng if thou cay say ought

¶ For thyne owy wele say and tary nought

¶ Nota

¶ Horloth sayd Colus yf I had respyte.
¶ Hereto ay answere cowd I counterfete.
¶ But to haue her grace more is my delyte.
¶ wherfore I pray you all for me entrete.
That I may by your reqst her gode grace gete
¶ And what payn or greef ye for me prouyde
¶ wythout ony grutchyng I shall it abyde.

¶ Yo good dame sayd god Appollo.
¶ what may he do more but sew to your grace.
¶ Beholde how the teres from his eyen goo.
¶ It is satysfaction half for his trespace.
¶ Now glorye goddes shew your petion face
¶ To this pore prysoner at my request.
¶ All we for youre honour thynke thus is best.

¶ And yf it lyke you to do in thys wyse.
¶ And so to forgeue hym clerely his offence.
¶ One thynge surely I wyll you promyse.
¶ If he ought rebell and make resystence
¶ Or dysobey vnto your sencence.
¶ For euery tree that he maketh fall.
¶ Out of the erthe ay/C/ryse shall.

¶ Soo that youre game shall not dyscrease
¶ For lacke of shade i dare vndertake
¶ well syr Appolo sayd sye thay wyll I cease
¶ Off all my rancour and mercy w̄ you make

And thay god Neptunus of his maner spak
Sayng thy appolo though dyana hym relese
yet shall he sue to me to haue his pease.

A sayd Appolo ye wende I had forgete.
You for my lady Dyana the godd esse.
Nay thynke not so for I wyll you entrete.
As well as her wythoute longe processe.
wyll ye agre that Phebus your maystresse.
May haue the guydyng of your daryaunce.
I shall abyde quod he her ordynaunce.

Wel thay quod appolo I pray you godds all
And goddesses that bey here presente.
That ye companable wyll a borde falle.
Nay thay sayd Othea it is not conuenyente.
Adew ordre in euery place is expedyente.
To be hadde wherfore ye may not lette.
To be your own marshal at your own bāket

And whay āppolo se it wolde none other be
He called to hym Aurora the goddesse.
And sayd though ye wepe ye shall before me.
Ay kepe your course and put yourself in pīsse
Soo he her set fyrste at his owne messe.
wyth her moyst clothes wī teres all be ipreyt
The medewes in may shew therof her cōpleit

Next her sat Mars myghty god and strong
wyth a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboeut

A crown of yron on his hede a spere i his hōd
It semed by his chē as he wold haue fought.
And next vnto hym as I perceyue mought.
Saty goddesse Dyana in a mantell fyne.
Of black sylke purfyled w poudred ermine

Lyke as he had take ỳ mantell & the rynge
And next vnto her arayed roally.
Sat the god Jupyter in his demenynge.
Full sad and wyse he semed sykerly.
A crowne of tynne stood on his hede.
And that I record of all phylosophers.
ỳ lytyll store of Coyne kepe in her cofres.

Joyned to hỹ in syttyng next there was
The goddesse Juno full rychely besene.
In a sercote ỳ shone as bryght as glas
Of goldsmyth werk w spāgles wrought bedeñ
Of royall ryches wanted she none I wene.
And next to her sat the god saturne.
That oft syth causeth many one to morne.

But he was clad me thought straungely
For of froste & snowe was all his aray.
In his honde he helde a fawchon all blody
It semed by his chere as he wold make a frai
A baudryck of I sykles about his neckegaye
He had. and aboue on hygh on his hede.
Couchid w hayl stōes he wered a cron of lede.

And nexte in ordre was set by his syde.
Ceres the goddesse in a garmente.
Of sacke cloth made w̄ sleues large & wyde
Embrowdered wyth sheues and sycles bent
Of all maner greynes she sealed ỳ patente.
In tokeny ỳ she was goddes of corne.
Olde Poetes saye she beryth the heruest horn

Then was there set the god cuppido
All freshe & galaunte and costly in aray.
Wyth ouches and rynges he was beset so.
ỳ paleys therof shōn as thought it had be day
A kerchyff of plesaūs stood ouer his helm ay
The goddesse Ceres he loked in the face.
And wyth one arme he her dyde enbrace.

Next to Cupido in order by and by
Of wordly wysdum sat the forteresse.
Called Othea chyef grounde of polycy.
Reuler of knyghthode of prudence ỳ goddes
Clad all in purpure was she more & lesse.
Saaf on her hede a crowne there stode.
Couched wyth perles orynent fyne & good.

And nexte to her was god Pluto set
Wyth a derke myste enuyrond al about.
His clothy was made of a smoky net.
His colour was bothe wythin & wythoute.
Foule/derke & dyme his eyen grete & stoute.
Of fyre & sulfure all his odoure wase.

¶ That wo was me whyle I beheld his face

¶ Hortune the goddesse w̃ her perty face.
¶ Was vnto Pluto next in order sette.
¶ Varyant she was ay in shorte space.
¶ Her whele was redy to turne wythout let.
¶ Her gowne was of gawdy grene clamelet
¶ Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse colours.
¶ To ẏ condycyons accordy̆g to her shoures

¶ And by her sat thoughe he vnworthy were.
¶ The rewde god Pan of shepherdes ẏ gyde
¶ Clad in russet frese & breched lyke a bere.
¶ Wyth a grete terbor hangyng by his syde.
¶ A shepcrok in his hōd he spared for no pryde.
¶ And by his fete lay a prekered curre.
¶ He rateled in ẏ throte as he had ẏ murre.

¶ Isys the goddes bare hym company.
¶ For at the table next she sat by his syde.
¶ In a close kyr ell embrowdered curyously
¶ w̃ braunches and leues brood large & wyde.
¶ Grene as any grasse in ẏ somer tyde.
¶ Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce
¶ Of fauours odyferous was her sustynauns

¶ Next to her than was god Neptunus set.
¶ He sauoured lyke a fyssher of hy̆ i spak before
¶ It semed by his clothes as they had be wet.
About hy̆ i his gyrdelsted hig fysshes mani a xx.* *score

¶ Of his straunge aray merueyled Jlore.
¶ A lhyp wyth a top and layle was hys creste.
¶ He thought he was gayly dyscyled at ÿ fest

¶ Whan toke nynerue the goddes her sete.
¶ Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas cladde.
¶ Gaütelettus on hõdes & sabatoũs on her fete
¶ She loked about as though she had be mad.
¶ A hamer and a sythe on her hede she hadde
¶ She wered two bokelers one by her syde.
¶ that other ye wote were this was al her pryd

¶ Whã cam ÿ god bacho & by her set hÿ down
¶ Holdynge in his honde a cuppe full of wyne.
¶ Of grene vyne leues he wered a Joly crown
¶ He was clad in clustres of grapes gode & fine
¶ A garlonde of yuy he chose for his sygne.
¶ On his hede he had a thredbare kẽdall hode.
¶ A gymlot and a kauset therupon stode.

¶ Next hym sat phebus wyth her colour pale.
¶ Fat she was of face but of complexion feynte.
She sayd sherewled Neptuno & made hÿ bayl
¶ And ones in ÿ monthe w̃ phebo was the meit
¶ Allone were she Ceres were ateynte
¶ Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature
¶ & on her hede she wered a crown of siluer pure

¶ Joyntly to her Marcuryus toke his see.
¶ As came to his cours wytnesse the zodyake.

He had a gylden tonge as fyll for his degree
In eloquence of langage he passed al ye pake
For in his talkyng no man coud fynde lake
A box wyth quycksyluer he had in his honde/
Multypliyers know it wel in euery londe

By hym sat dame Venus w̄ colour crystalline
Whos long here shone as wyre of gold bryzt
Crylpe was her skyn her eyen columbyne
Rauysshed myne herte her chere was so lyzt
Patrones of plesaũce be named wel she myzt
A smocke was her wede garnysshed curyussli
But all other she had a wanton eye

On her hede she wered a red coper crowne
A nosegay she had made ful plesauntly
Bytwene her & aurora Apollo set hym doune
Wyth his beames bryght he shone so feruẽtly
That he ther wyth gladyd al ye company
A crown of pure gold was on his hede set
In syne ye he was mayster & lorde of ye banket

Nota

Thus was the table set round a boute
Wyth goddes & goddesses as i haue you told
A waytyng on the bord was a grete route
Of sage phylosophers & poetes many fold
There was sad Sychero & Arystotle olde
Tholome Dorothe wyth Dyogenes
Plato Myssehala and wyse Socrates

¶ Sortes & Saphar' w̄ hermes stode behynd
¶ Auycen & Auerroys wyth hem were in fere
¶ Galyen & ypocras that phylyp haue in mynd
¶ wyth help of Esculapyō toward hē drowner
¶ Vyrgyle Orace Ouyd and Omere
¶ Euclyde and albert yaue her attendaunce
¶ To do the godd' & goddesses plesaunce

¶ Horcherded Orphe' was there w̄ his harpe.
¶ And as a poyt mulycal made he melody
Other mistral had thei noy sak Pan gā to carpe
¶ Of his leud bagpyp which caused ỳ compani
¶ To law yet many mo ther wē yf i shuld notly
¶ Som yong som old both better and werse
¶ But mo of theyr names cay I not reherce

¶ Of al maner deyntes there was habūdaūce
¶ Of metes & drynkes foyson plenteuous
¶ Iy cam Dyscord to haue baryaunce
¶ But there was no roum to set her ī that hous
¶ The goddis remembred the scylme odious
¶ Among the thre goddesses ỳ he had wrought
¶ At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

¶ They wold not w̄ her delc in a venture
¶ Lest she hem brought to som inconuenyente
¶ Sye seyng this was wroth out of mesure
¶ And in that grete wrath out of ỳ paleyse wēt
¶ Sayg to herself that there shuld thei repent
¶ And anone w̄ Attropes happed she to mete.

As he had bey a golt came in a wydyg shete

She toke hym by ye hond & rowned in his ere
And told hy of the banket ye was so delycate.
How he was receyued & what chere he had yre
And how euery god sat in his astate
Is it thus qd atropos what in ye deuyls date
Wed he sayd I se well how the game goth
Ones yet for your sake shal I make he wroth

And whan she had hym al togyder told
From her he departed & of her toke his leue/
Sayng ye for her sake his way take he wolde
In to the paleys his maters to meue
And or he thens went he trowed he to greue.
Wyth such tydynges as he wold hem iel
So forth he went & spake wordes fell

Whan he came in the plence of ye goddis vlle
As he had bey mad he loked hym a bout
His shete from his body downe he let fall
And on a reud maner he saluted al the route
Wyth a bold voys spekyng wordes stoute
But he spake all holow as it had bey one
Had spoke in a nother world ye had wo begon

He stode forth boldly w grym countenauce
Sayng on this wyse as ye shal here
All ye goddes yeue attendaunce
Unto my wordes wout all daungere

¶ Remembre how ye made me your offycere
¶ Al tho wyth my darte fynally to chastyse
¶ That ꝑ dyslobeyed or wolde your law dyspise

¶ And for the more surete seiled my patent
¶ Gyuyng me full power so to ocupy
¶ Wherto I haue enployed myn entent
¶ And that cay dame Nature testefy
¶ If she be examyned she wyll not it denyé
¶ For whay she forsakyth ony creature
¶ I am al redy to take hym to my cure

¶ Thus haue I deuly wyth al mi dylygencé.
¶ Executed the offyce of olde antyquyte
¶ To me by you graũted by your comyn sctece
¶ For I spared none hygh nor low degre
¶ So that on my parte no faute hath be
¶ For as sone as ony to me commytted was
¶ I smote hym to ꝑ hert he had none other gracé

¶ Ector of Troy for al his cheualry
¶ Alexander thegrete & myghty conquerouré
¶ Julyus Cezar w̃ al his companye
¶ Dauyd nor Josue nor worthy Artur
¶ Charlis the noble that was so gret of honour
¶ Nor Judas Machabee for al his trew herte
¶ Nor Godfrey of Boleyn coud me not asterte

¶ Nabugodonozor for al his grete pryde
¶ Nor the kyng of Egypt cruel Pharao

¶ Jason ne Hercules went they neuer so wyde.
¶ Coldras Hanyball nor gentyll Sypyo·
¶ Cyrus Achylles nor many a nother mo
¶ For kayr nor foule gat of me no grace
¶ But al be at ỳ last I sealed hem w̃ my mace.

¶ Thus haue I brought euery creature
¶ To ay ende bothmay tyll the foule and best
And euery other thyng in whome dame nature
¶ Hath ony Jurysdyccion eyther most or lest
¶ Except oonly one in whome your be hest
¶ Is to me broke for ye me promysed
That my myght of noñ shold haue be dyspysed

¶ Wherof the aontrary daoe I well a uow
¶ Is trew for one there is that wyl not apply
¶ Unto my correction nor in no wyse bow
¶ To the dynt of my darte for dole nor desteny·
¶ What comfort he hath nor the cause why
¶ That he so rebellyth I can yot thynk of ryzt
But yf ye hỹ graũted your alders safcondyght.

¶ And yf he so haue thay do ye not as goddis.
¶ For a goddys wrytyng may not reuersed be.
¶ Yf it shold I wold not gyue you u pesecodds
¶ For graũt of your patent of offycenere of fee.
¶ wherfore in this mater do me equyte
¶ Accerdag to my patant for tyl this be do
¶ Ye haue nomore my seruyse nor my gode wy

And whan al the goddis had attropos hered
As they had bey wode brayd vp attones
& sayd they wold not rest tyll he were conqred
Takey and dystroyed body blode and bones
And that they swere grete othes for ye nonis
Her lau to dyspyce that was so malapert
They sayd he shuld be taught for to be so pert

Wel sayd Appollo yf he oy erth be
wyth my brennyng chare I shall hy cõfound
Iy feyth quod neptunus & he kepe these
He may be well sure he shall be drownd
A syr sayd Mars this haue we wel found
That ony dysobeyed oure goodly precept
We may well thynk we haue to long slept

But neuertheles where I may hym fynd
wyth thũd & lyghtning about I shall hy chase
And I quod Saturnus before and behynd.
Wõ my bytte cold shall shew hy harde grace
well sayd Mercuryus yf I may se his face.
For euer of his spech I shall hym depryue
So that hym were better dede than alyue

Ye quod Othea yet may he well be
Iy the eyr where he wyll & ax you no leue
wherfore my counseyl is that all we
May entrete Neptun ? his rahcour forgeue.
And than I dout not Colus wyl hy nyscheue
So may ye be sure he soal you not escape

¶ & ellis. of you anger he wyll make but a tape.

¶ But for to tel you how Colus was brought.
¶ In daungere of Pluto yet had I forget
¶ wherfore on this mater forther wyl I nouzt.
¶ Procede tyll I therof haue knowlege you let
¶ It befell on a day the weder was wete
¶ And Colus thought he wold on his dysport.
¶ Goo tn reioyse his spyrytis and comforte

¶ He thought he wold se what was in ý groūd
¶ And in a krauers forth he gay hym dresse
¶ A drough had the erthe late before found.
¶ That caused it to chyne & krauy more & lesse/
¶ Sodenly by wete constreyned by duresse
¶ Was the ground to close his supfycyall face.
¶ So streyt that to scape col⁹ had noo space

¶ This seyng Colus be styll wythin abode.
¶ Seky̆g where he myzt haue gene ferozz nere.
¶ Auone he was espyed and one to Pluto rode
¶ And told hy̆ how Colus was in his daūgere.
¶ Thay sayd he to Cerber⁹ fet me ý pryslonere/
¶ Tyl I haue hy̆ sene lethy̆ not go at large/
¶ As ý wylt answere of hem I yeue the charge

¶ Thus was this Colus take pryslonere
¶ Thay happed it so that thy̆ sawe day
¶ Pluto had prefyred for a grete mater
¶ Mynos to syt in his robe of Ray

Wherfore Cerber⁹ toke the next way
And led hyto the place where the court shalbe
where I told you Morpleus brought me

So thyder cme Dyaua caryed in carre
To make her compleynt as I told you all
And so dyd Neptunus ẏ doth make and mar
Walewyng whis wawys & tōblyng as a ball
Her matters they meued fal what may befall
There was the fyrst syght ẏ euer I them saw
And yf I neuer do eft I care not a straw

But now to my matter retourne agayn
And tu begyn new where I left.
whan al the goddis had done her besy payne.
The way to contrue howit shuld be reft
Of his lyf Attropos had no cause eft
To cōpleyn than Phebus stert vpon her fete/
And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yet

Othea menyth wel to say on this wyse
But al to entret Neptun⁹ i hope shal notnede
Ye senyth I alone durst take ẏ entesprise.
Er I am begyled or ellie I shal spede
How say ye Neptunus shal I do this dede.
Wyl ye your rancour seale at my request
Madame quod he reule me as ye lykyth best

Cremercy sayd she of your good wyll
That it pleysyth you to shew methatfauorus

Wherfore the goddys hygh pleysur to fulfyll
Performe my desyre & leue al olde rancoure
For our elders wele & sauyng of oure honour
Agayn this colus that ye long haue had
It is done quod he forsoth thay am I glad

Sayd he now thay Colus be ÿ to vs trewe
Kepe well the eyr and oure grete rebell
May we thay sone euer to vs subdew
Yes and that quod Colus shall here tell
Nowhere in the eyr shall he rest nor dwel
If he do therof put me in the faute
Wyth my bytter blastes so shal I hÿ asaut

What sayd the god Pluto what is his name.
That thus presumyth agayn vs to rebell
Uertu quod attropes ÿ haue he mykyl shame
He is neuer confoūded thus of hÿ here I tell
A sayd this pluto in dede I know hÿ wel
Ho hath bey euer myn vtter ennemye
Wherfore this mater agayn hÿ take wyll I

For all the baytes ÿ wē for hym haue layde
Wythout my helpe be not worth a pere
For though ye all the contrary had sayd
yet wold he brede right nigh your althris ere
No maner of thynge can hym hurt or dere
Saue only a sone of my bastard
Whosname is vice he keppyth my bawarad.

Wherfore you Cerber' now I the charge
Of Colus & wyl that thou heder fet
My dere sone Vyce & say that I hȳ charge.
That he to me come wythout ony let
Armed at all poynts for a day is set
That he w̄ Vertu for al ȳ goddis sake
In our defence must on hym batayl take.

Forth they went Cerberus w̄ his fyry chein
Brought thyd̄ vyce as he cōmaūded was
Agayn noble Vertu ȳ batayl to dereygne
On a glydȳg serpent rydȳge a grete pace
Formed lyke a dragon scaled hard as glas
Whoos mouth flammed fyre wout fayll
Wyng' had it serpentyne & a long tayll

Armed was vyce all in cure boyll
Harde as horne blacker fer than lute
An vngoodly sort folowed hym perde
Of vnhappy capteyns of myschyfe crop & rot
Pryde was the fyrst ȳ next hȳ rode god wote
On a roryng Lyon next whom came Enuye
Syttyng on wolfe he had a scornful eye

Wrath bestrode a wyld bore & next hȳ gā ride.
In his hond he bare a blody swerd
Next whom cam couetise ȳ goth so fer & wide
Rydȳg on a Olyfaūt as he had bey a ferd
After whom rode Gloteny wyth his fat berd
Syttyng on a bere wyth his grete bely

And next hym on a gote folowed Lechery

Sloth was so slepy he came all behynd
On a dull asse a full wery pase
Thyse were ye capteins that yce coud fynde
Best to set his feld & folow on the chase
As for pety capteyns many mo there was
As sacrylege symony & dyssymulacyon
Manslaughter mordre theft & extorcyon

Arrogaūce Presūpcyon wyth contumact
Contēpcyon Cōtempt & Inobedyence
Malyle Frowardnes grete Jelasy
Wodnes Hate Stryf and Impacyence
Unkyndnes Oppssyon w̄ wofull neglygēce.
Murmur Myschef Falshod & detraccyon
Usury Periury Ly and adulacyon

Wrong Rauyne Sturdy vyolence
Fals Jugement w̄ Obstynacyon
Dysceyt Dronknes & Improuydence.
Boldnes in yll w̄ foule and Rybaudy.
Fornycacyon Incest and Auoutry
Unshamfastnes w̄ Prodygalyte
Blasfeme vaynglory & worldly vanyte

Ignoraūce Dyffydence w̄ Ipocrysy
Scysme Rancour Debate and Offence
Herely Errour w̄ Idolatry.
New fangylnes and sotyll false Pretence

Inordynat desyre of worldly excellence
Fayned pouerte wyth apostasy
Dysclaunder scorn & vnkynd Jelousy

Hoordom baudry false mayntenaunce
Treyson abusyon and pety brybry
Usurpacyon w̄ horryble vengaunce
Came alder last of that company
All thyse pety capetayns folowed by and by.
Shewyng theymselfe in the paleyse wyde
And say they were redy that batayl to abyde

Idylnes set the comyns in a ray
Without the palayse on a fayr felde
But there was ay ost for to make a fray
I trow suche a nother neuer may beheld
Many was the weppyn among hē ỳ they weld
What they were ỳ came to that dysporte
I shall you declare of many a sondry sort

There were bosters crakers & brybours
Praters salers strechers and wrythers
Shamefull shakelers soleyn slauēdours
Oppressours of people and myghty crakers
Mayntenours of quarels horryble lyers
Theues traytours w̄ false heretykes
Charmars sorcerers & many scysmatykes.

Oreuy symonyakes wyth false vsurers
Multyplyers coyn wasshers & clyppers

¶ Wrong vsurpers wyth grete extorcyoners
¶ Backbyters Glosers and fayre flaterers.
¶ Malycyous murmurers with grete clatereꝛs
¶ Tregetours Trykelers Feyners of tales·
¶ Lastyuous lurdeyns and Pykers of malys.

¶ Rouners Vagabundes Forgers & lesingis.
¶ Robbers Reuers Rauenous Rykelers.
¶ Choppers of Chyrches Fynders of tydynges
¶ Merrers of maters and mony makers.
¶ Stalkers by nyght wyth Euyldroppers.
¶ Fyghters Brawlers Brekers of louedayes
¶ Getters Chyders Caulsers of frayes.

¶ Tyrtyuyllis Tyraũtis w̃ Tourmentours.
¶ Corsyd apostatis Relygyous dyssymuleꝛs:
¶ Closshers Carders wyth comoꝛ hasardours.
¶ Tyburne colops and Purskytters.
¶ Pylary knyghtys double tollyng Myllers.
¶ Gay Joly tapters w̃ hostelers of the stewes.
¶ Hoꝛes and Bawdes that many bale brewes

¶ Bold blasfemers wyth false Ipocrytes.
¶ Brothellers Brokers abhomynable swerers.
¶ Dryuyllis Bastardes dysspysers of ryghtis
¶ Homycydes Poysoners & comoꝛ moꝛderers
¶ Scoldis Caytyues Comberous clappers.
¶ Idolatres Enchauntoꝛs w̃ false regenates.
¶ Sotyl ambydextrys and sekeers of debatis.

Pseudo Prophetes false Sodempytes.
Quesmers of chyldren wyth fornycatours.
wetewoldes that suffre syn in their syghtis.
Auoutrers and abhomynable auauntours.
Of syn grete clappers & makers of clamours
Unthryftes & vnlustes came al to that game
w̄ lusks & loselis ꝑ might not thryue for shamm

These were the comons ꝑ came thid ꝑ day.
Redy bowne in batayl Uertu to abyde.
Apollo theym beholdyng began to say.
To the goddys & goddesses beyng there ꝑ tid
We semyth conuenyent an herowd to ryde
To Uertu & byd hym to batayl make hym bowne
Hyself to defend forsoth it shal be sone.

And let hym not be sodeynly take.
All dyspurneyed or that he beware.
For thay shold our dyshonour awake.
If he were cowardly take in a snare.
Ee quod Uyce for that haue I no care.
I wyll auauntage take where I may.
That heryng Morpleus ꝑuely stale away.

And went to warne Uertu of al this afray.
And bad hym awake and make hymself strong
For he was lyke to endure that daye.
A grete mortall shoure er it were euensonge.
w̄ Uyce wherfore he bad hym not longe.
Tary to send after more socoure.

¶ If he dyde it shold torne hym to dolour.

¶ And brefely the mater to he declared.
¶ Lyke as ye haue herd begynnyng and ende.
¶ Well quod Vertu he shall not be spared
¶ To the feld I wyl go how it wende.
¶ But gramercy Morpleus myn own dere frēde
¶ Of your trew hert faythfull entente.
¶ That ye in this mat to meward haue ment.

¶ This done Morpleus departed away.
¶ Fro Vertu to the palayse retornyng agayn.
¶ None hym aspyed that I dare well say.
¶ In whych tyme Vertu dyde his besy payn
¶ People to reyse his quareil to maynteyn.
¶ Ymagynacyon was his messengere.
¶ He went to warne people both ter & nere.

¶ And bad hem come in all hast they myght
¶ For to strength Vertu for wyth out fayll.
¶ He layd he shold haue long or it were nyght.
¶ Wyth Vyce to do a myghty strong batayl.
¶ Of vngracyous gestes he bryngyth a gret tayll
¶ Wherfore it behouyth to help at this nede.
¶ And after this shal Vertu rewar yo' mede

¶ Whan ymagynacyon had gone his cyrcuyte
¶ To Vertues frendis thus all about.
¶ Wythin short tyme many mey of myght
¶ Gadered to Vertu in all that they myght.

They hym comforted & bad hym put no doute.
His vtter enmy Vyce to ouerthrow.
Thoughe hym hym brought neuer so gret a row

And whan Vertu se the sustaunce of his oost
He prayed all the comons to the feld hem hye
Wyth her pety capteyns both lest and moste
And wyth his capteyns shold folow redely.
For he sayd he knew well ye vyce was ful nye.
And who myght first of ye feld recouer ye centre
Wold kepe out ye other he shuld not esely entre

Then sent he forth Baptym to ye feld before
And prayed hym hartely it to ouerse.
That no maner trayn nor cotirop therin wont
To noy nor hurt hym nor his meyne.
And whan he thyder came he began to se.
How Vyce his purseuannt cryme orygynall.
Was entred before and had sealed vp all.

But as sone as herof Baptym had a syght.
He fled fast away and left the feld alone.
And anone Baptym entred wyth his myght.
Serchyng al about where this crym had gon
But the feld was clene defaut foud he none.
They came Vertu after with his gret oste.
And his myghty capteyns both lest and most

But to enfourme you how he thyder came.
And what maner capteins he to ye feld brought.

Hymselfe sekerly was the fyrst may.
Of all his grete host ꝑ thyderwarde sought.
Syttyng in a chare ꝑ rychely was wrought.
Wyth golde and peerles & gemmes precyous.
Crowned with laurer as lord vyctorious.

Houre doubty knyghtes about ꝑ chare went.
At euery corner one hit for to gyde.
And conuey accordyng to. Vertue his entent.
At the fyrst corner was Ryghtwysnesse ꝑ tyde.
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde.
At ꝑ thyrd strength ꝑ fourth kept temperaũce.
These ꝑ chare gyded to. Vertue his pleasaũce.

Next to ꝑ chare seuen capyteyns there roode.
Echone after other in order by and by.
Humylyte was ꝑ fyrst a lambe he bestroode.
With contenaũce demure he rood full soberly.
A fawcon gentyll stood on his helme on hy.
And next after hym came there. Charyte.
Rydyng on a tygre as fyll to his degre.

Roody as a roose ay he kept his chere.
On his helme on hyghe a pellycan he bare.
Next whom cam pacyẽce ꝑ nowhere hath no pere
On a camell rydyng as voyde of all care.
A fenix on his helm stood so forth gay he fare.
Who next hym folowed but lyberalyte.
Syteng on a dromedary ꝑ was both good & fre.

¶ On his helm for his crest he bare on ospray.
¶ And next after hym followed abstynence.
¶ Rydyng on an hete was trapure and gay.
¶ He semed a lorde of ryght grete excellence.
¶ A popyniay was his crest he was of gret dyffece.
¶ Next hym followed chastyte on an vnicorne.
¶ Armed at all poyntes behynde & before.

¶ A tortyldoue he bare on hyghe for his crest.
¶ Than came good belynesse last of ye seuen.
¶ Rydyng on a panter a sondry coloured best.
¶ Gloriously beseen as he had come from heuen.
¶ A crane on his hede stood his crest for to steuen.
¶ All these. vii. capteyned had standardis of pryce.
¶ Eche of hem accordyng after his deuyse.

¶ Many pety capteyns after these went.
¶ As trew feyth & hope mercy peace & pyte.
¶ Rygh trouth mekenesse w̃ good enteut.
¶ Goodnes concorde & parfyte vnyte.
¶ Hoeest trewe loue with symplycyte.
¶ Prayer fastyng preuy almysdede.
¶ Joyned with ye artycles of the crede.

¶ Confessyon contrycyon & satysfaccyon.
¶ With sorow for synne & grete repentaunce.
¶ Forgeueuesse of trespas w̃ good dysposycyon.
¶ Resystence of wrong perforemyng of penance.
¶ Holy deuocyon wyth good contynaunce
¶ Presthede hem followed with the sacramētis

¶ And sadnesse alse wyth the commaūdementes

¶ Suffraunce in trouble wyth Innocensy
¶ Clennes contynence and virgynyte
¶ Kyndnes reuerence w̄ curteysy
¶ Content & pleased wyth pyteous pouerte
¶ Entendyng wel mynystryng equyte
¶ Twene ryght & wrong hole indyfferently
¶ And labouryng the seruyse of god to multyply

¶ Refuse of ryches & worldly vayngloyy
¶ Perfeccyon wyth perfyghtcontemplacyon
¶ Relygyon professyon wel kept in memoyy
¶ Verry drede of god wyth holy predycacyon
¶ Celestyall sapyence wyth gostly inspyracyon
¶ Grace was the guyde of al this meyne
¶ Whome folowed konnyng w̄ his genealogy

¶ That is to say gramer and Sophystry
¶ Phylosophy naturall logyke and Rythoryke
¶ Arsmetrycke geometry wyth astronomye
¶ Caney and Cyuyll melodyous musyke
¶ Noble Theology and coporal physyke
¶ Moralyzayson of holy scrypture
¶ Profound poetry and drawyng of pycture

¶ Thyse folowed connyng & thyd wyth h'yeay
¶ Wyth many one mo offryng her seruyse
¶ To Vertu at that nede but notwythstōdyng thay
¶ Some he refuled and sayd in nowyse

¶ They shuld wyth hym go & as I coud auyse
¶ Thyse were her names fyrst Nygrōmancy
¶ Geomanly magyke and glotony

¶ Adryomanly Oynomancy w̄ pyromancy
¶ Fylenomy also and pawmestry
¶ And al her sequeles yf I shal not lye
¶ Yet connyng prayed Uertu he wold not deny
¶ They m for to know nor dysdeyn his eye
¶ Oy hem to loke wherto Uertu graunted
¶ How be it in his werres ge wold not they haũted

¶ So had they connyng lyghly to depart
¶ From Uertu his feld and they seyng this
¶ By comyn assent hyred them a carte
¶ And made hem be caryed toward Uyce Iwys.
¶ Fro thens forth to serue hȳ this wold not nys
¶ For loth they were to be maysterles
¶ In stede of the better the worse there they ches

¶ But forth to relese al the rrmenaunt
¶ Of pety capteins that wyth Uertu were
¶ Moderate dyet and wysdom auenant
¶ Euery weyght and mesure ware of contagyo' gē
¶ Loth to offend ann louyng ay to lere
¶ Worshyp and profyte w̄ myrth in maner
¶ Thyse pety capteyns wyth Uertu were in fere

¶ Comons hem folowed a grete multitude
¶ But in came pyson to that other syde

I trow there was not brefely to conclude.
The.x.may that batayl to abyde.
Yet neuertheles I shal not from you hyde.
what maner people they were & of what secte
As nere as my wyt therto wyll me derect.

There were noble and famous doctours.
Example yeuers of lyuyng gracyous.
Perpetual prestes and dyscrete confessours.
Of holy scrypture declarers fructuous.
Rebukers of syn & myscheues odyous.
Fysshers of soules & louers of clennes.
Dyspysers of veyn and worldly rychesse.

Ideal yble prelatys Justycyal gouernours.
Founders of chyrches wyth mercyfull peres.
Reformers of wrong of her progenytours
Dy peynfull pore pyteous compassyoners
well menyng marchaütes w̄ trewartefecers
Vyrgyns pure and also Innocentes
Hooly matrones w̄ chast contynence

Pylgrymes & palmers w̄ trewlaborers
Holy heremytes goddys solycytours
Monesteryal monkes & well dysposed frerel
Chanonsand nonnes feyth pfessoures
Of worldly people trew conuugatours.
Louers of Cryst Confounders of yll.
And all that to godward yeue her good wyll

Mayntenours of ryghte verey penytentes.
Dystroyers of errour caulers of vnyte.
Trew actyf lyuers that set her ententis
The dedis to performe of mercy and pyte
Contemplatyf people that delyre to be.
Salytary seruauntis vnto god alone.
Rather thē to haboūd in rychelles echone.

Thyse wyth many mo than I reherce can
were come thyder redy that batayl to abyde.
And take such part as fyl to Vertu than
Vyce to uoercome they hoped for al his pride
Al though he had more people on his syde
For the men that Vertu had were ful sure.
To trust on at nede & connyng in armure

Macrocosme was the name of the feld
where this grete batayll was set for to be
In the myddys therof stode cōsyence & beheld
whyche of hem shold be brought to captyuyte
Of that noble tryūph Juge wold he be
Synderesys sate hȳ wythin closed as a park
w̄ his table in his honde her dedys to marke.

To come in to the feld were hygh wayes .v.
Fre to both partyes large brode and wyde
Vertu wold not tari but highed hȳ thyd̄ blive
Lest he were by vyce deceyued at that tyde
Long out of the feld loth was he to abyde
In auenture that he out of it were kept.

For thā wold he haue thouꝛt he had to long slept

¶ In this mene tyme whyle Vertu thꝰ pceded
¶ For hȳ & his people the feld foꝛ to wynne.
¶ He charged euery may by gꝛace to be guyded
¶ And al that euer myght ye feld to enter ynne.
¶ In all that season went oꝛygynal synne.
¶ To let Vyce know how Baptym w̄ his hoste.
Had entred Macrocosme & serched euery cooste

¶ A sayd Vyce I se well it is tyme.
¶ Baners to dysplay & standardes to auaunce.
¶ Al most to long haddest ye taryed cryme.
¶ To let vs haue knolege of this purueyaunce.
¶ yet I trow I shal lerne hem a new daunce.
¶ Wherfore I commaund you al wout delaye
¶ Toward the felde drawin all the hastye may

¶ Thay sayd ye god Pluto ye al mey myꝛt here
¶ Vyce I the charge as thou wylt elchew.
¶ Our heuyous Indȳgnacyō ye draw not arere
¶ But put ye forth boldly to ouerthrowe Vertu.
¶ In fayth quod Attropos & I shal after sew/
¶ For yf he escape oure hondys this day.
¶ I tell you my seruyse haue lost foꝛ ay.

¶ Forth thay rode Vyce w̄ al his hole strength
¶ On his stede serpentyne as i told you byforꝛe.
¶ The ost that hȳ folowed was of a grete lēgth.
¶ Amōg whō were penoūs & gnyts mani a scoꝛ

¶ Of hys pety capteynes he made many a knizt
¶ For they shuld not fle but manly w̄ hym fight

¶ He doubed Falshod wyth Dyssymylacyon.
¶ Symony Usury Wrong and Rybawdy.
¶ Malyce Deceyt Lye wythout Extorcyon.
¶ Perjury Dyssydence and Apostasy.
¶ Wyth boldnes in yl to bere hym company.
¶ Thyse. xiii. knyghtes made vyce that daye.
¶ To wyn her spores they sayd they wold assay

¶ In lyke wyse Vertu doubed on his syde:
¶ Of pety capteyns other fourtene.
¶ Whyche made her auou wyth hym to abyde:
¶ Hor spores wold they wȳ ye day shold it be sen
¶ Thyse wore her names yf it be as I wene
¶ Feyth Hope & Mercy Trouth & also Ryght.
¶ W̄ Resystence of wronge a full hardy wyghte

¶ Confessyon Contrycyon wyth Satysfaction
¶ Verrey drede of God Performȳg of penance
¶ Perfeccyon Connyng and Good dysposicion
¶ And all knyt to Vertu they were by alyauns
¶ Wherfore to hym they made assuraunce.
¶ That feld to kepe as long as they myght.
¶ And in his quarel agayn Vyce to fyght.

¶ The lord of Macrocosme & rewler of ye fee
¶ Was called Frewyll chaunger of the chance:
¶ To whome Vertu sent embassatours thre

Reson dyscrecyon & good remēbrauce.
And prayed hym be fauorable his honoure to chās
For but he had his fauour at ye poynt of nede
He stood in gret doute he coude not lightly spede.

In lyke wyse. Uyce emballatours thre.
For his party vnto Frewyll sent.
Temptacyon foly & sensualyte.
Prayng hym of fauour that he wolde assent.
To hym as he wolde at his cōmaundement.
Haue hym eftsones whan he lyst to call.
Do hym for ony thyng ye afterward myght fall.

Answere yaue he non: to neyther party.
Saue onli he sayd ye batayll wolde he se
To wete whiche of hym shold haue ye victory.
Hit hyng in his balauce ye ambyguyte.
He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte.
Whan he come where sorow shold awake.
Than it shold be know what part he wyl take

Whan. Uertu & Uyce be her amballatours.
Knew of this answere they stood in gret doute.
Neuertheles they seyd they wold ēdure tho shours
And make an ende shortly of ye they wēt aboute.
Soo forth came. Uyce wō all his grete route.
Er he came at ye felde he sent yet priuely.
Sensualyte before in maner of a spy.

Whiche sewe ye felde wō his vnkynde seede.

¶ That caused Vertu after mykyll woo to feele
¶ For therof grewe nought but all conly weede.
¶ Whiche made the grounde as sleper as ay yele.
¶ He went ayene to vice & tolde hym euery dele.
¶ How he had done and bad hym come a way.
¶ For he had so purueyde ꝑ vyce sholde haue ꝑ day.

¶ Soo as it happed at ꝑ felde they mete.
¶ Frewyll vertu and vice as tripartite.
¶ Saaf vertu a litil before the felde had gete.
¶ And ellis his auãtage forsoth had be full lyght.
¶ Not for they encombred so was neuer wyght.
¶ As vertu & his meyn were with the ranke. wede
¶ That in ꝑ felde gre w of sensualitees sede

¶ But as soone as vyce of vertu had a syght.
¶ He gay swage gonnes as he had be wode
¶ That heryng vertu cõmaunded euery wyght
¶ To pauyce hym vnder the sygne of ꝑ rode.
¶ And bad hẽ not drede but kepe styll wh ere thy.
¶ It was but a shour hold sone cõfoũde (stode.
¶ wherfore he cõmaũded thẽ stãd & kepe her groũd

¶ An d whan vyce cam nerer to the felde.
¶ He callyd sore for bowes & bad hem shote faste
¶ Bu t vertu & hys meyny bare of with ꝑ held.
¶ Of the b ylyd Trynyte ay tyll shot was past.
¶ And whã shot was done vyce cam forth at last.
¶ Purposyng the felde wyth assaute to wyn.
¶ But vertu kept it long he myght not enk theryn.

All that tyme frewyll stode & hym bethought.
To which he myght leue & what pt he wold take.
At last sensualite had hy so fer brought.
That he sayd playnly he vtu wold forsake.
And in vyce hys quarell all his power make.
Nota I was quod reason y is not for the beste.
Forsoth sayd frewyll I wyll do as my lyst.

Vertu was full heuy whey he see frewyll
Take part with vyce but yet neuertheleſſe.
He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe styll.
Tyll vyce with frewyll so sore gay hy oppresse.
That he was constrayned clerely by durelle.
A lytyll tyme aback to make abew retret.
All thyng consydered hit was the best feet.

Hyrst to remembre how vyce parte was.
Tey ayey one stronger by lyklynesse.
And thay how frewyll was with hym alas.
Whoo coude deme vertu but ty heuynesse.
Moreouer to thynke how that slyper grasse.
That of sensualyte hys oy kynde seede grew.
Under foot ty standyng encombred vertew

Yet notwitstondyng vertue his mey all.
Nobelly they ym bare and faught myghtyly.
Howbeit y sleper grasse made many of he fall.
And from thense ty maner departe sodenly.
That seyng vyce his hoost begay to shout & cry.
And sayd oy ty Pluto name oyt all is oure.

¶ For this day shal Vyce be made a conquerout.

¶ Thus Vertu was by myght of vyce & frew
¶ Dryuen out of the feld it was the more pyte yll
¶ How by it yet Baptym kept his ground styll.
¶ And w̃ hym abode keyth hope & vnyte.
¶ And konnynge also w̃ a grete meyne.
¶ Confessyon contrycyon were redy at her hond.
¶ And Satysfaction Vyce to wythstond.

¶ But al the tyme whyle Vertu was away.
¶ A myzty conflycte kept they w̃ Vycys rout.
¶ And yet neuertheles for al that grete afray.
¶ Hope stod vpryght & keyth wold neuer lout
¶ And euermor̃ sayd Baptym syres put no dout.
¶ Vertu shal return & haue his entent.
¶ This feld shal be ours or let me be shent.

¶ And whyl thyse pety capteys fulfend thy ye feld
¶ Wyth Vertu his reward come good yseuerauns
¶ Ay hugy myzty hoost & whan he beheld.
¶ How Vertu hym withdrew he toke dysplesaũs.
¶ And whã he to hỹ cam he sayd ye shal your chãs
¶ Take as it fallyth wherfore returne ye must.
¶ Yet ones for your sake w̃ Vyce shal I Just.

¶ Alas that euer ye shold lese your honour.
¶ And therwyth also ye hygh ypetuel crowy.
¶ Which is for you kept in the celestyal tour.
¶ Wherfore be ye called chrystys champyon.

¶ How is it that ye haue noo compassyone.
¶ Dy baptyme feyth & hope konnyng & vnte.
¶ That stād so hard bestad & fyght as ye may see.

¶ All the tresour erthely vnder ꝑ fyrmamēt
¶ That euer was made of goddys creacyon.
¶ To reward theym euenly were not equyualent.
¶ For her noble labour in his afflecyon.
¶ Wherfore take vpon you your Jurisdyccyon
¶ Rescu yonder knyghtes & recontynu fyght.
¶ And els a dew your crown: or al your gret myzt

¶ With these & suche wordys as J haue you tolde
¶ By good perseueraunce vttred in this wyse.
¶ Uertu hym remembred & gay to vere bolde.
¶ And sayd yeue trew knyghtis to rescu J auyse
¶ Let vs no lengar tary from this entreprzyse.
¶ A gayn to ꝑ feldesoo Uertu retourned.
¶ That caused hē be mery ꝑ lōg afore had morned

¶ A uaunt baner qd̄ he in ꝑ name of Jesu
¶ And with ꝑ his people set vp a gret shoute.
¶ And cryed with a loude voce a Uertu a Uertu.
¶ They began Uyce his hoost for to loke a boute.
¶ But J trow pseueraūce was not long withoute
¶ He bathed his swerd in his foos blood.
¶ The boldest of hem all not ones hꝯ withstoode.

¶ Constaūce hym folowed & brought hꝯ his spere
¶ But whey pseueraūce saw Uyce on his stede.

No man coude hym let tyll he came there.
For to bid hym ryde Istrowit was no nede.
All Vertu his oost prayed for his good spede.
Agayn Vyce he rode with his grete shaft.
And hym ouerthrew for all his sotyll craft.

That seyng Frewill came to conscyence.
And gan hym to repente ye he with hym had be.
Prayeng hym of coũsell for his grete offence.
That he agayn Vertu had made his arme.
What was best to doo to humylyte:
Mo conscyence must ye go so he hym thyder sent.
Dysguysed ye he were not knowen as he wente.

And whan he thyder came humylyte hym toke.
A token & bad hym go to confessyon.
And shew hym his mater with a peteous loke
Whiche done he hym sent to contrycyon.
And fro thens forthe to satysfaccyon.
Thus fro poost to pyler was he made to daũce.
And at the last he went forthe to penaũce.

But now for to tel you whẽ Vyce was oũthrow
A gret part of his oost about hym gan resorte.
But he was so febyll ye he coude non man know.
And whan they se ye they knew no comforte.
But caryed hym a way be a preuy porte.
And as they caryed dyspeyre with hym met.
With Vyce his rewarde he cam they hym for to fet

They came there downe goodly ladyes tweyn.
From the hyghe heuen aboue the fyrmamente.
And sayd the gret Alpha & Do moost souereyn.
For that nobell tryumphe had hem thyder sent.
One of hem to dryue Vyce to grete tormente.
With a fyry strong ý she bare in her hande.
And so he dede dyspere & all his hole bande.

The name of this lady was called Prestyence.
She neuer left Vyce ne none ý wolde hỹ folow.
Tyll they were cõmytted by ý dyuyne sentence.
All to payne perpetuell & Infynyte sorow.
Right wyfnes went to se ý nomã shold hẽ borow.
Thy al entreted sharpely were they tyll Cerber
Had hem beshut within his gates tenebr.

And all ý whyle ý Prestyẽce w̃ her scorge smert
To rewarde Vyce gan her thus occupy.
With all his hole bende after her desert.
That other glorye lady ý came fro heuẽ on hy.
Hauyng in her honde the palme of vyctory.
Came downe to Vertu & toke hym to ý pẽsent.
Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sent.

And as ferre as I ryght coude vnderstonde
That ladyes name was Predestynacyon.
Vertu & his oost she blessyd with her honde.
And in heuyn graunted hem habytacyon.
Whereto eche of hem reseruyd was a crowne.
She sayd in tokeny that they enherytours.

¶ Of the glory were & gracious conquerours.

¶ Wych| done theladyes ayen to gyder met
¶ And towarde heuen vp they gan to fly
¶ Embraced in armes as they had ben knyt.
¶ Togyd w a gyrdyl but so sodenly.
¶ As yy wer vanysshyd saw I neu thyg wey.
¶ And anone Vertu wyth al his company.
¶ Kneled doun & thaked god of ꝑ vyctory.

¶ Yet had I forget what Vyce was ouerthrow.
¶ To haue told you hou many of Vyces hoost.
¶ Gan to leke pease & darked doun ful low.
¶ And besought mercy what so euer it coste.
¶ To be her mene to Vertu els yy wer but lost.
¶ And some in .yke wyse to feyth & hope sought.
¶ What to do for pease they sayd they ne rouzte.

¶ Some also Baptym sewed to be her mene.
¶ Som to one som to other as thei he gete myzte.
¶ But al to Confessyon wer to make he clene
¶ And as yy came to cōsyence he they bad go lyzte.
¶ Er tha old attropes of he had a syzt.
¶ For yk he so theym toke lost they wer for euer
¶ He sayd Vyce to forsake better late thy neuer.

¶ Some eke for socour drew to circūcision.
¶ But by hy coud they gete but smal fauoure.
¶ For he in that company was h. d but in derysyō
¶ Neuerylesse to feyth he bad he go laboure.

Prayng they for olde acqueyntace they socoure
Wel qd feth for his sake I shal do ỳ I may doo
But fyrste for the best way baptym go ye to.

For by hym sonest shal ye recouer grace.
Which shal to Vertu bryng you by processe.
Wherfore in ony wyse loke ye make good face.
And let noman know of your heuynes.
So they were by baptym brought out of destres
Turned al to Vertu & whan this was done.
Vertu cũmaũded Frewyl before hym come.

To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merueyl
Ye durst be so bold Vyces party to take.
Who bad you do so & yaue you that counseyl.
Justly vnto that ye shal me preuy make.
They sayd Frewyll & swemfully spake.
Kneelyng on his kne wyth a chere denyng.
I pray you syr let pyte your eyes to me enclyne:

And I shall yow tel the verrey soth of all.
How it was & who made me that way drawe.
For soth sensualyte his pyre name they call.
A sayd reason they I know wel that felowe.
Wyld he is & wanton of me stant hỹ none awe.
Is he so qd Vertu wel he shall be taught.
As a player shuld to draw another draught.

And wt that came sadnesse wyt his sober chere.
Bryngyng Sensualite beyng ful of thought.

And sayd that he had take hym prysonere.
A welcome sayd Vertu now haue I ꝑ I sought.
Blessed be the good lord as ꝑ wold it is nought
Why arte ꝑ so wanton he sayd for shame.
Or ꝑ go at large ꝑ shalt be more tame.

But stōd a part a whyle tyl I haue spoke a word
Wyth Frewyl a lytyl & they shalte ꝑ knowe.
What shalbe thy tynaūce & they he sayd in word
Unto Frewyl the bend of your bowe.
Begynnyth to slake but suche as ye haue sowe
Must nedes repe there is none waye.
Notwythstondyng that lette what ye cay saye.

What is your habilite me to recompense.
For the grete harme that ye to me haue do.
Forsoth sayd Frewyll in open audyence.
But oonly Macrocosme more haue I not loo.
Take ꝑ yf it pleyse you I wyl that it be soo.
Yf I may vnderstond ye be my good lorde.
In dede sayd Vertu to that wyll I accorde.

They made Vertu Reason his leyftenaunte.
And yaue hi a grete charge macrocosme to kepe
That done Sensualite yeld hym recreaunte.
And began for anger bytterly to wepe.
For he demed surely hys sorowe shold not slepe
They made Vertu Frewyll bayl vnd Reason.
The feld for to ocupy to his behoue that season.

And they sayd Vertu to Sensualyte.
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy belynesse.
Under this furme al fragylyte.
Shalt ꝑ forsake both more and lesse.
And vnd̃ the guydyng ꝑ shalt be of sadnesse.
All though it somwhat be agayn thy herte.
Thy Jugement is gyuen ꝑ shalt it not asterte

And euyn w̃ that came in dame Nature.
Sayeng thy to Vertu syr ye do me wronge.
By durcesse constreynt to put this creature.
Gentyll Sensualyte ꝑ hath me fued longe.
Clerely from his lyberte & set hym amonge.
They ꝑ that loue hym not to be her vnd̃loute.
As it were a cast away or a sho cloute.

And perde ye know well a rewle haue I must
Wythin Macrocosme forsoth I say not nay.
Nd̃ Vertu but sensualyte shal not pform your lust
Lyke as he hath do before this yf I may.
Therfro hym restreyn sadnesse shal assay.
How be it ye shal haue your hole lyberte.
Wythin Macrocosme as ye haue had fre.

And whan Vertu had to Nature sayd thys
A lytyll tyme his eye casyng hym beside.
He se in a corner stondyng Morpheus.
That hym before warned of ꝑ verely tyde.
A syrs sayd Vertu yet we must abyde.
Here is a frend of ours may not be forgete.

¶ After his deserte we shall hym entreate

¶ Morpleo sayd. Vertu I thāke you hertely.
¶ For your trew herte & your grete labo ute.
¶ That ye lyst to come to me sooredely.
¶ Whan ye vnderstod ye comyng of that shoure.
¶ I thanke god & you of sauyng of my honour.
¶ Wherfore this preuylege now to you I grāt
¶ That wyn Macrocosme ye shall haue your haūt

¶ And of fyue posternes ye keys shall ye kepe.
¶ Lettyng in & out at hym whome ye lyst.
¶ As long as in Macrocosme your fad wyll crepe.
¶ Blere whos ey ye wyll hardely w̄ your myst
¶ And kepe your werkes close there as in a chyst
¶ Saaf I wold desyre you spare Pollucyon.
For no thyng may me plese ye soūeth to corrupcyon.

¶ And whā he had thy sayd ye keyes he hym toke.
¶ And toward his castell w̄ his people went
¶ Byddyng reason take good hede & about loke.
¶ That sensualite by Nature were not shēt.
¶ Kepe hym short he sayd tyll his lust be spēt
¶ For better were a chylde to by vnbore.
¶ Than let hym haue ye wyll & forever be lore.

¶ And whā olde Attropos had seen & herd all this
¶ How Vertu had opteyned astonyed as he stood.
¶ He sayd to hym selfe somwhat there is amys.
¶ I trow well my patent be not all good.

¶ Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but iape.
¶ After a worthy whew haue ye made me gape.

¶ How a deuyll way sholde I Vertue ouerthrow.
¶ Whey he dredeth not all your hole route.
¶ How cā ye make good your patēt wold I know
¶ Hit is to Impossable to bryng that aboute.
¶ For stryke hym may I not ꝑis out of doute.
¶ A good Attropos sayd god Apollo.
¶ Ay answere conuenyent shall thou haue hertō.

¶ The wordes of thy patent dare I well say
¶ Stretche to no fother but were dame Nature
¶ Hath Jurysdyccyon thē to haue thy way Nota.
¶ And largesse to stryke as longet to thy cure.
¶ And as for Vertu he his no cryature.
¶ Under the predycament conteyned of quantyte
¶ Wherfore his dystruccyon longeth not to the.

¶ A ha sayd Attropos they I see well.
¶ That all ye goodys be but couēterfete.
¶ For oo God there is that cay euerydell.
¶ Tourne as hym lest bothe drye & whete.
¶ In to whoos seruyce I shal assay to gete.
¶ And yf I may ones to his seruyce come.
¶ Your names shal be put to oblyuyone.

¶ Thus went Attropos fro the paleys wooth.
¶ But in the mene tyme whyle ꝑ he there was.
¶ Glydyng by the paleys resydyuacyon gooth.

Towarde Macrocosme with a pēynted fase.
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pase.
In the forme as he had ben a man of ynde.
He wede haue made reson & sadnesse both blyde

Wuth sensualyte was he soone aqueynted.
To whome he declared his mater pryuely.
Yet he was espyed for all his face peynted.
Then reson hy cōmauded pyke hy thēs lightly.
For his ease qd sadnesse so coū.eyll hym wyll I.
Doo was sensualyte ay kepte vnder foote.
That to resy dyuacyon myght he doo no boote.

Then went he to Nature & asked her auyse.
His entent to opteynde what was be sto doo.
She sayd euer syth Vertu of vyce wan ý pryse.
Reson with sadnesse hath rewled the felde loo.
That I & sensualyte may lytyll for the doo.
For I may noo more but oonly kepe my cours.
And yet is sensualyte strenger kept & wours.

Thy herÿg resydiuacōn fro thēs he went ageyn
Full of thought & sorow ý he myght not speue.
Than reson & sadnesse toke wedehokes tweyn.
And all wylde wātonesse out ý felde gan wede.
With all thr slyper grasse ý grewe of the sede.
That sensualyte before therin sew.
And fro thens forth kept it clene for vertew

Than began new grase in the felde to spryng.

All vnlyke ye other of colour fayr & bryght.
But then I aspyed a meruelous thyng.
For the groūde of ye felde gan wex hore & whyt.
I coude not conceyue how ye be myght.
Tyll I was enformed & taught it to know.
But wher vertu occuppyet must nedes wel grow.

Yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grow.
And reson with sadnesse therof had gouernaūce.
Many a preuy messenger thyder sent Vertew.
To know yf it were guyded to his plesaūce.
Now prayer eft fastyng & often tyme penaūce.
And whan he myght goo preuely amesoede.
And dad hym to his power helpe where he se nede.

While ye felde thus rewled reson with sadnesse.
Maugre dame Nature for all her carnall might.
Came thyder Attropos voyd of all gladnesse.
Wrapped in his shete & axed of eny wyght.
Coude wysse hym the way to the lorde of light.
Or ellis where myght fynde ryghwysnesse.
For soth the sayd reyson I trow as I gesse.

At Vertu his castell ye may soone hym fynde.
Eye lyft the laboure thyder to take.
And there shall ye know yf ye be not blynde.
The next wey to the lord of lyght I vndertake.
So thyder went Attropos pelycyon to make.
To ryght wysnesse preyeng that he myght.
He take in to the seruyse of the lorde of lyght.

What sad ryghwysnesse ye olde dotyng foole.
Whome yast thou seruyd syth the worlde begã
But oonly hym where hast ye go to scole.
Whethery art ye doubl for elles the sam may.
That thou were fyrst a syr sayd he thay.
I praye you hertely holde me excused.
I am olde & febell my wyttys are dysused.

Well sayd ryghtwysnes for as moche as thow.
Knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I chaũge
Dethe shalt ye be caled from hẽs forward now
Among all the peple that shal be had straũge.
But whan ye begynnest to make thy chalaũge.
Dredde shalt thou be where so thou become.
And to noo creature shalt thou be welcome.

And as for theym whome thou dedest serue.
For as moche as they presume on hem to take.
That hygh name of god they shal as they deserue
Therfore be rewarded I dare vnõtake.
Wyth payn ppetual among fendes blake.
And her names shall be put to oblyuyon.
Among men but it be in dyrysyon.

Aha sayd Attropos now begynne I wer glad.
That I shal thus auenged of hem be.
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad.
Ye gõ ryght wysnesse here what I say to the.
The lorde of lyght sent the worde by me.

That in Macrocosme lesyne shalt thou take
Wherfore thy darte redy loke thou make

And as soone as Vertue that vnderstood
He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be
And euen forth with he cõmaunded prestthood
To make hym redy the felde for to se
So thyder went prestthode with benygnyte
Conueyenig thyder the blessyd sacrament
Of Eukarist but fyrst were thyder sent

Confessyõ contrycyon and satysfaccyõ (nota
Sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
Holy deuocyon with good dyspolycyon
All these thyder came and also penaunce
As her dewte was to make purueaunce
Agayn the comyng of that blessyd lorde
Feyth hope & charyte therto were acorde

Reason with sadnesse dyde his dylygence
To clense the felde within and without
And whan they se the bodely presence
Of that holy Eukarist lowly gan they lout
So was that lorde receyued out of dout
With all humble chere debonayre & benygne
Lykly to pleasure it was a grete sygne

Then came to the felde the mynyster fynall
Called holy vnccyon with a crysmatory
The fyue hye wayes in especyall

¶ Therof he anoyted & made hit sanctuary
¶ whome folowed deth whiche wolde not tary
¶ His feruent power there to put in vse
¶ As he was cõmaũded graũtyng dame Nature

¶ Nota.

¶ He toke his darte called his mortall launce
¶ And bent his stroke towarde the feldes herte
¶ That seyng preesthode bad good remembraũce
¶ Towarde the felde tourne hym & aduerte
¶ For except hym all vertues thense must sterte
¶ And euen with that dethe there selyne toke
¶ And then all the company clercly hit forsoke

¶ And as soone as dethe thus had selyne take
¶ The colour of the felde was chaũged sodeynly
¶ The grasse therin seere as though it had be bak
¶ And the fyue hygh wayes were mured vpon hy
¶ That fro thẽ forwarde none entre shold therbi
¶ The posternes were also without lette
¶ Bothe inwarde & outwarde fyne fast shette

¶ Whiche done sodeynly dethe vanysshed a way
¶ And Vertu exalted was aboue the fyrmament
¶ where he toke crowne of glory is ay
¶ Preparate by Alpha too omnypotent
¶ The swete frute of macrocosme thyn wh wt
¶ And on all this mater as I stood musyng thus
¶ Agayn fro the felde to me came Morpheus

¶ Sayẽg thus what chere how lyketh ỳ this fyght

Haste thou seen ynough or wyll thou see more
Nay syr I sayd my trouthe I you plyght
This is suffycyente yf I knew wherfore
This was to me shewed for therof he lore
Coueyte I to haue yf I gete myght
Folow me quod he and haue thy delyght

Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought
To a foresquare herber walled round aboute
Loo qd Worple? here maist thou ꝑ thou sought
Fynde yf thou wyll I put the out of doute
A lytyll whyle we stood styll there withoute
Tyll wytte chyef porter of that herber gate
Requyred by stodye lete vs in there ate

But whan I came in meruayled gretly
Of that I behelde & herde report
For fyrst in a chayre apparayled royally
There sate dam doctryne her childern to exort
And about her was many a sondry sorte
Some wyllyng to lerne dyuerse scyence
And some for to haue perfyte intellygence

Crowned she was lyke an Emperesse
Wich iii. crownes standyng on her hede on by
All teyng about her an Infynyte processe
Were to declare I tell you certaynly
Neuertheleſſe some in mynde therof haue I
Whiche I shall to you as god wyll yeue me grace
As I sawe & herde tell in short space

Fast by Doctryne on that one syde
As I remembre late holy Texte
That opened his mouthe to ye people wyde
But not in comparyson to Glose ye late nexte
Moralyzacyon with a cloke contexte
Sate & Scrypture was scrybe to theym all
Ye late ay wrytyng of that that sholde fall

These were tho that I there knewe
By no maner waye of olde acqueyntaũce
But as I before law theym with Vertewe
Compauy in felde & hauyng dalyaũce
And as I thus stood halfe in a traunce
whyle they were occuppyed in yer belynesse
Aboute the walles myn eye gan I dresse

where I beheld the meruaylous story
That euer I yet sawe in ony pycture
For on tho walles was made memory
Syngulerly of euery creature
That there had byn bothe forme & stature
whoos names reherse I wyll as I can
Bryng theym to mynde in ordre euery man

Fyrst to begynne there was in portrature
Adam & Eue holdyng an apell rounde
Noe in a shyp & Abraham hauyng sure
A flyntstone in his honde & Isaac lay bounde
On an hyghe moũte Jacob slepyng sounde
And a long ladder stood beside
Joseph in a Cysterne was also there that tyde.

Nexte whom stode Moyses with his tables two
Aaron and Urre his armes supportynge.
Ely in a brennyng chare was there also.
And Elyze stode clad in hermytes c othynge.
Dauyd wyth an harpe and a stone slynge.
Isaye Jeremy and Ezechyell.
And closed wyth Lyons holy Danyell.

Abacuc Mychee wyth Malachy.
And Jonas out of a whales body comynge.
Samuel in a Temple & holy zachary.
Besyde an aulter all blody stondynge.
Olee wyth Judyth stood there conspyryng.
The deth of Oloferne & Salamon.
A chylde wyth hys swerde dyuydynge in two.

Many mo pphetes certeynly there were.
Whoos names now come not to my mynde:
Melchysedech also I espyed there.
Bede & wyne offryng as fell to his kynde.
Joachym & Anna stode al behynde.
Embraced in armes to the golden gate.
And holy Johan Baptyst in desert sat.

And now conyth to my remembrunce.
I am auysed I saw Sodechy:
And Amos also with sober countenaunce.
Stondyng wyth her faces towarde Sophony.
Neemy & Eldras bare hem companye.
The hoy man Job as an Impotente.

¶ Then foloweo in pycture wyth Thoby pacyent

¶ Wyse wyth many mo on that one syde.
¶ Of that grene herber portrayed were.
¶ A sayd Morpleus a lytyll tyme abyde.
¶ Turn thy face where thy backe was ere.
¶ And beholde well what thou seeste there.
¶ Than I-me turned as he me badde.
¶ Wyth herte stedfaste & countenaunce sadde.

¶ Where I sawe Peter wyth his keyes stonde.
¶ Poule wyth a swerde and James also.
¶ Wyth a scalop & Thomas holdyng in his honde
¶ A spere and Philyp aproched hym to:
¶ James the lesse nexte hem in pycture loo.
¶ Stode wyth Bartylmew whych was all flayn
¶ Symon & Thadee shewed how they were slayn

¶ Mathy and Barnabe drawyng lottys stode
¶ Nexte whome was Marke a Lyon hym by.
¶ Hys boke holdyng & Mathew in his mode.
¶ Resembled an aungell wyth wyngys gl'youly.
¶ Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on hye.
¶ And Johan wyth a cuppe & palme in his honde.
¶ An Egle bare his book thus saw I hem stonde

¶ Gregory and Jeromne Austyn and Ambrose.
¶ Wyth pyllyōs on ther hedes stode lyke doctors
¶ Bernard wyth Anselme and as I suppose.
¶ Thomas of alquyne and Dominyk cōfessours

Benet and Hew relygyous gouernours.
Martyn & Johan with bysshops tweyne.
Were there also and Crysostom certayne.

Behynd all thyse was worshyppfull Bede.
All behynde and next hym stood Orygene.
Hydynge his face as he of his dede.
Had hem ashamed ye wote what I mene.
For of errour he was not al clene.
And on that syde stode laste of alle.
The noble pphetyssa Sybell men her call.

Let me remembre now I you pray
My barayn is so thynne I deme in my herte
Some of the felyshyp that I there say.
In all this whyle to haue ouersterte.
A benedicite none ere coude I aduerte.
To thyke on Andrew the apostle w̄ his crosse.
Whome to forgete were a grete losse.

Many one were peynted on that wall.
Whoos names come not to my remembraunce
But thyse I marked in especyall.
And moo coude I tell in countenaunce.
Of tyme but forth to shewe you the substaunce.
Of this mater in the myndys of that arbere.
Sat Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere.

Crowned as I tolde you late here before.
Whoos apparayl wos worth tresour Infynyte

All erthly rychesse count I no more.
To that in cōparyson vale wyth the a myte.
Ouer her hede houed a culuer fayr & whyte.
Out of her byll pceded a grete leme.
Downward to Doctryne lyke a sonne beme

The wordes of Doctryne yaue grete redolēs
In swetnesse of sauour to her dyscyples al.
It ker exceded myr & frankencense.
Or ony other tre spyce or els galle.
And whan she me espyed anone she gan me cal.
Ad cōmaūded morpleʸ ʸhel hold bryng me nere
For she wold me hew the effect of my desyre.

She sayd I know the cause of thy comyng.
Is to understond be my enformaiyon.
Sensyble the mater of morp leus his shewynge
As he hath the led about in belyon.
Wherfore now I apply thy natural reason.
Unto my wordes & or thou hens wend.
Thou shalt it know begynnyng and ende.

For whan Colus to pluto was broughte:
By hys owne neclygence taken pryslonere.
Wythin the erth for he so fer sought.
Sygnyfyed is nomore be that matere.
But only to shew the how it doth appere:
That welth vnbrydeled at thyn eye.
Enbraseth myse rewle and oft causyth foly.

For lyke as Colus beyng at his large
Streyted hymselfe thrugh his own lewdenesse
For he wolde deele where he had no charge
Ryght soo wantons by her wyldenesse
Ofte sythe bryng hymselfe in dystresse
Be cause they somtyme to largely deele
what may wors be suffred thã ouermykell weele

By Mynos the Juge of hell desperate
May be understonde goddys ryghtwysnes
That to euery wyght his payne deputate
Assygneth acordyng to his wyckednes
wherfore he is called Juge of cruelnes
And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynte
Fygured may be fooles reason feynt.

For lyke as they made her suggestyon
To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde
whiche was Impossyble to bryng to correccyon
For euermore his lyberte haue wyll the wynde
In lyke wyse fooles other whyle be blynde
wenyng to subdew with her one honde
That is ouermykell for all an hole londe

But what foloweth therof that shall thou here
when they were come to the banket
The grete Apollo with his sad chere
Soo fayre & curtously gan theym entret
That he made her beerdys on the new gete
Loo what wyldome doothto a foole

Wherefore are children put to scoole

Ofte is it seen with sobre contenaunce
That wyse men fooles ouercome ay
Tornyng as hem lyst & all her varyaunce
Chaunge from ernest in to mery play
What were they bothe amendeth that day
Whey they were dreuen to her wyttes ende
Were they not fayne to graunt to be his frende

Ryght soo fooles when they haue done
All that they can than be they fayne
Gyue vp hed mater to oblyuyone
Without rewarde they haue nomore drayne
And yet ful ofte hath hit be sayne
When they it haue forgete & set at nought
That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

And as for all tho that represent
To be called goddys at that banket
Resemble false ydollys but to his entent
Was Morpleus cõmaunded thyder the to fet
That thou sholdest know the maner & the get
Of the paynym law and of her byleue
How false ydolatry ledeth hem by the sleue

For soone vypon the worldys creacyon
When Adam and Eue had broke the precept
Whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon
The worldly people in paynym law slept

¶ Tyll moyses vnd god the tables of stone kept
¶ In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable
¶ To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

¶ And to the entent that they sholde sounde
¶ To the eeres of hem the more pleasantly
¶ That they sholde rede or here they yaue they a
¶ And addid names vnto they naturally groūd
¶ Of whom they spake & callid hē goddis hy
¶ Some for the strength & myght of her nature
¶ And some for her sotyll wytty conjecture

¶ By nature thus as the seuen planettes
¶ Haue her proper names by Astronomeres
¶ But goddys were they called by olde Poetes
¶ For her gret feruency of werkyng in her speres
¶ Experyence preueth this at all yeres
¶ And for as other that goddys called be
¶ For sotyll wytte that shall I teche the

¶ How they by that hyghe name of god cam
¶ In this sayd tyme the people was so rude
¶ That what maner creature man or woman
¶ Coude ony newelte contryue and conclude
¶ For the comon wele all the multytude
¶ Of the comon people a god sholde hym call
¶ Or a goddesse after hit was fall

¶ Of the same thyng that was so newe founde
¶ As Ceres for the the crafte of tylthe fonde

¶ wherby more plentouously corne dyd habound
¶ The people her called thrugh out euery londe
¶ Goddesse of corne wendyng in her honde
¶ Had layn all power of cornes habundaunce
¶ Thus were ye Paynems deceyued by ignorauce

¶ In lyke maner Isys was called the goddesse
¶ Of frute for she fyrst made it multuply
¶ By the name of graffyng & soo by processe
¶ The name of Pan gan to deyfy
¶ For he fyrst founde the mene shepe to guy
¶ Some toke it also by her condycyon
¶ As Pluto Fortune and suche other doon

¶ Thus all that Poetes put vnder couerture
¶ Of fable the rurall people hit toke
¶ Properly as acte resulyng the fygure
¶ whiche errour some of hem neuer forsoke
¶ Ofte a false myrour deceyueth a mannes loke
¶ As thou mayst dayly prynue at thyne ey
¶ Thus were the paynyms deceyued generally

¶ That seyng the dedely enemy of mankynde
¶ By his pouer premysyue entred the ymagys
¶ within the Temples to make the people blynde
¶ In her ydolatry standyng on hyghe stagys
¶ In somoche whoo vsed daũgerous passagys
¶ Ony maner way by water or be londe
¶ when hyd his sacrysyce his answere redy fonde

¶ Thus duryng the tyme of deuyacion
¶ From Adam to Moyses was ydolatry
¶ Through the worlde vsed in comon opynyon
¶ These were the goddys that thou there sy
¶ And as for the a wayters that stood hem by
¶ They polytyke Phylosophers & Poetes were
¶ whiche feyned the fables ꝑ I speke of here

¶ Then seased the tyme of deuyacyon
¶ when Moyses receyued that tables of stone
¶ Entryng the tyme of reuocacyon
¶ On the mounte of Synay stondyng allone
¶ God yaue hym myght ayene all his fone
¶ And then began the olde testament
¶ whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

¶ And that tyme dured the Incarnacyon
¶ Of Cryste and then began it to sese
¶ For then came the tyme of reconcylyacyon
¶ Of man to god I tell the doutlese
¶ when the sone of man put hym in prese
¶ wylfully to suffre dethe for mankynde
¶ In holy scrypture this mayst thou fynde

¶ This Reconcylyacyon was the tyme of grace
¶ when foūded was the chirche vpon ꝑ fayre stōe
¶ And to holy Peter the keye delyuered was
¶ Of heuen hell dyspoyled was anone
¶ Thys was mankynde delyuered from his fone
¶ wnd then began the newe testament

¶ Whiche.iii.tymes a sondry dyuyded
¶ Mayst thou here ce yt thou lyst beholde
¶ The fyrst behynde the in pycture in prouyded
¶ The seconde of the lyft honde shew pphes olde
¶ The.iii.on the ryght honde here it is to ỳ tolde
¶ Thus hast thou in vnyon the verey fygure
¶ Of these.iii.tymes here shewed in portrayture

¶ That is to say fyrst of deuyacyon
¶ From Adam to Moyses recordyng scripture
¶ Seconde fro Moyses to the Incarnacyon
¶ Of Cryst kepeth reuocacyon cure
¶ And as for the thyrd thou mayst be verrey sure
¶ Wyll dure from thens to the worldes ende
¶ But now the.iii.must thou haue in mynde

¶ whiche is callid pperly ỳ tyme of pylgremage
¶ After some & some named it otherwyse
¶ And call hit the tyme of daungerous passage
¶ And some of werre that fully hit dyspyse
¶ But what so it be named I wyll the auyse
¶ Remembre it well and prynte it in thy mynde
¶ wherof the fygure mayst thou me behynde

¶ And elles remembre thyselfe in thyne herte
¶ How Vyce & Vertue dayly theym occupy
¶ In maner one of hem hym to peruerte
¶ Another to bryng hym to endeles glory
¶ Thus they contynue fyght for the vyctory
¶ Hit is no nede herof to tell the more

¶ For in this short vysyon ꝑ hast seen it before

¶ And as for Attropos greuous compleynt
¶ Unto the goddys betokeneth noo more
¶ But oonly to shew the how frendely constreyt
¶ On a stedfast herte weyeth full sore
¶ Good wyll requyreth good wyll ayene therfore
¶ Dyscorde to deth hathe ay byn a frende
¶ For Dyscorde bryngeth many to her ende

¶ Wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auenged be
¶ On his frendes quarell yf that he myghte
¶ For her gret vnkyndnesse in somoche as she
¶ was among hem all had so in despyte
¶ And at that bauket made of soo lyte
¶ whiche caused hym among hē to cast in a bone
¶ That foūde theꝯ gnawyng ynough euerichone

¶ Thus ofte is seen on frende for a nother
¶ wyll say & doo and some tyme maters feyne
¶ And also kynnysmen a cosyne or a brother
¶ wyll for his alyer he haue cause compleyne
¶ And where that he loueth doo his besy peyne
¶ His frendes mater as his owne to take
¶ whiche oft sythe causeth mychyll sorow awake

¶ Be hit rygh or wrong he chargeth not a myte
Ap towarde that poynt he taketh lytyll hede
¶ So that he may haue his frowarde appetyte
Per sormed he careth not how his soule spede not

Of God or Deuyll haue suche lytyll drede
Howbe it one there is that lord is of all
whiche to euery wyght at last rewardes hall

And as for ye batayl betwene Vertu holde
Soo playnly appereth to the inwardly
To make exposycyon therof new or olde
were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit I
In man shall thou fynde ye were kept dayly
Lyke as ye hast seen it fowtyue before thy face
The pycture me behynd theweth it i lytyll space

And as for Macrocosme it is nomore to say
But the lesse worlde to the comon entent
whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day
Soo is man the felde to whiche all were sent
On bothe partyes & they that thyder went
Sygnyfye nomore but after the condycyon
Of euery manes opynyon

And as for the noble knygt Perseueraunce
whiche gate the felde when it was almost gone
Betokeneth nomore but the contynuance
Of vertuous lyuyng tyll dethe hath auergone
Who soo wyll doo rewarded is anone
As Vertue was with the crowne on hy
whiche is noo more but euerlastyng glory

And as for Prestynacyon
That eche of hem rewarded after his deserte

¶ Is to vnderstonde nomore but dampnacyon
¶ To vycyous people is the verey scourge smert
¶ Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert
¶ And endelesse Joye is to hem that be electe
¶ Rewarded & to all that folow the same secte

¶ And as for the keyes of the posternes fyue
whiche were to Morpleꝰ rewarded for his labour
¶ Sygnyfye not elles but whyle man is on lyue
¶ His fyue inwarde wyttes shall be euery hour
¶ In his slepe occuppyed in hele & in langour
¶ with fantalyes tryfels Illusyons & dremes
¶ whiche Poetes call Morpleus stremes

¶ And as for Relidiuacyon is nomore to say
¶ But after Confessyon tornyng ayene to synne
¶ whiche to euery man retornyth sauns delay
¶ To vycyous lyuyng agayn hym to wynne
¶ whyle ony man lyueth wyll it neuer blynne
¶ That cursed conclusyon for to bryng aboute
¶ But Reason with Sadnes kepe it styll oute

¶ Here hast thou properly the verrey sentence
¶ Herde now declared of this vysyon
¶ The pycture also yeueth clere intellygence
¶ Therof beholden with good dyscresyon
¶ Loke well aboute and take consyderasyon
¶ As I haue declared whether hit soo be
¶ A syr quoth Morpleus what tolde I the

Hast thou properly the verey sentence
Loke on yon wall yonder before
And all that tyme stood I in a wyre
Vyche way fyrst myn hert wolde yeue more
To loke in a stody stood I therfore
Neuethelesse at last as Morpleus me badde
I loked forwarde with contenaunce sadde

Where I behelde in portrayture
The maner of the felde euen as it was
Shewed me before & euery creature
On bothe sydes beyng drawyng in small space
Soo curyously in soo lytyll a compace
In all this worlde was neuer thyng wrought
Hit were impossyble in erthe to be thought

And when I had long beholde that pyture
what qd Morpleus how longe shalte thou loke
Daryng as a dastard on yon portrayture:
Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke
I heryng that myn herte to me toke
Towarde the fourthe wall tornyng my vysage
where I sawe Poetes & Phylosophers sage

Many one moo than at the banket
Serued the goddes as I sayde before
Som were made standyng & som in chayris set
Som lokyng on bokys as they had stodyed sore
Som drawyng almenakis & in her hondis bore
Astyrlabes takyng the altytude of the sonne

¶ Among whome Dyogenes sate in a tonne

¶ And as I was lokyng on that fourthe wall
¶ Of Dyogenes beholdyng the ymage
¶ Sodeynly Doctryne began me to call
¶ And bad me tourne towarde hyt my vyslage
¶ And soo then I dyde with humble corage
¶ whan thynkest ÿ she sayd hast ÿ not thentent
¶ Yet of these foure walles what they represent

¶ The pycture on the fyrst ÿ standeth at my bake
¶ Sheweth the ÿ present tyme of pylgremage
¶ Of whiche before I vnto the spake
¶ whiche is the tyme of daungerous passage
¶ The seconde dyscrettly agayne my vyslage
¶ The tyme expressedh of Deuyacyon
¶ whyle paynyme lawe had the domynacyon

¶ The thyrd wall standyng on my lyfe honde
¶ The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon
¶ And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde
¶ Determyneth the tyme of Reconsylyacyon
¶ This is the effecte of thy vysyon
¶ wherfore the nedeth nemore therون to muse
¶ Hit were but veyne thy wyttes to dyfuse

¶ But duryng the tym of Reconsylyacyon
¶ Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well ÿ spende
¶ And then well gracyous Predestynacyon
¶ Bryng the to glory at thy law ende

And euen with that came to my mynde
My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute
To haue dreuen er slepe made me to lute

That is to say how Sensualyte
W̄ Reason to acorde myght be brought aboute
Whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne
And beseche Doctryne determyne that doute
O lord god sayd Doctrÿe canst ÿ not withoute
Ye that conclusyon bryng to an ende
Ferre is fro the wytte & ferther good mende

And euen with that Dethe gan appere
Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde
His darte haue occupyed within that herbere
But there was none for hym yong nor olde
Saue oonly I Doctrine hym tolde
And when I herde hyr with hym comon thus
I me withdrew behynde Morpheus.

Dredyng full sore lest he with his dart.
Through Doctrynes wordes ony entresse.
In me wolde haue had or claymed ony part
Whiche sholde haue caused me grete heuynesse
Within whiche tyme & short processe
Came thyder Reason and Sensualyte.
A quoth Doctryne ryght welcome be ye

Hit is not long sythe we of you spake
Ye must er ye goo determyne a doute

¶ And euen with that ſhe the mater brake
¶ To theym & tolde hit euery where aboute
¶ I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute
¶ For fere I loked as blake as a cole
¶ I wolde haue cropen in a mouſe hole

¶ What quoth Doctryne where is he now
¶ That meued this mater ſtraunge & dyffuſe
¶ He is a cowarde I make myn auow
¶ He hyded his hede his mocyon to refuſe
¶ Blame hym not qõ Reaſon alway ꝑ to vſe
¶ When he ſeeth Dethe ſoo nere at his honde
¶ Yet is his part hym to withſtonde

¶ Or at the leſte way elles fro hym flee
¶ As longe as he may who dooth other wyſe
¶ Is an ydeote quoth Senſualytee
¶ Who dredeth not Dethe wyſe men hym dyſpyſe
¶ What ſaid Doctryne how long hathe this gyſe
¶ Be holden & vſed thus a twixe you tweyne
¶ Ye were not wonte to acorde certeyne

¶ Yes quoth Reaſon in this poynt alway
¶ To euery man haue we yeuen our counſayll
¶ Dethe for to flee as long as they may
¶ All though wo other wyſe haue done our trauayl
¶ Eche other to repreſſe yet withoute fayll
¶ In that poynt oonly dyſcordeth we neuer
¶ Thus condeſcended therin be we for euer

¶ A ha sayd Doctryne then is the conclusyon
¶ Clerely determined of the gret doute
¶ That here was meuyd & halfe in derysyon
¶ Sye me then called & bade me loke oute
¶ Come forthe sye sayd & feere not this route
¶ And euen with that Reason & Sensualyte
¶ And Dethe fro thens were vanysshed all thre

¶ Then loked I forthe as Doctryne me badde
¶ when Dethe was gone me thought I was bolde
¶ To shewe myselfe but yet was I sadde
¶ Me thought my doute was not as I wolde
¶ Clerely and openly declared & tolde
¶ Hit sowned to me as a parable
¶ Derke as a myhe or a fayned fable

¶ And Doctryne my conceyte gan espy
¶ wherfore sayd sye standest thou soo styll
¶ wherin is thy thought arte thou in stody
¶ Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyll
¶ To the declared tell me thy wyll
¶ Herdest thou not Reason & Sensualyte
¶ Declared thy doute here before the

¶ Forsothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde
¶ But neuerthelesse my wytte is so thynne
¶ And also of Dethe I was so afrayde
¶ That hit is out where hit bent ynne
¶ And so that mater can I not wynne
¶ without your helpe & benyuolence

Therof to expresse the veray sentence

Well quod Doctryne then yeue attendaunce
Unto my wordes & thou shalt here
Openly declared the concordaunce
Atwene Sensualyte & Reason in fere
If thou take hede hit clerely dooth apere
How they were knette in one oppynyon
Bothe agayn Dethe helde contradyccon

Whiche concordaunce nomore sygnyfyeth
To playne vnderstandyng but in euery mane
Bothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth
Rather Dethe to flee then with hit to be tane
Loo in that poynt accorde they holly thane
And in all other they clerely dyscorde
Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

I heryng that kneled on my kne
And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplyne
That she wouchesafe of her benygnyte
Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumyne
Well was she worthy to be called Doctryne
If it had be nomore but for the solucyon
Of my demaunde & of this straunge vysyon

And as I with myne hede began for to bow
As me well ought to do her reuerence
She thens departed I can not tell how
But within a moment gone was she thens

¶ Then sayd Morpleus let vs go hens
¶ what sholde we here tarye lengere
¶ Hast thou not herde a generall answere

¶ To all thy materes that thou lyst to meue
¶ My tyme draweth nere that I must rest
¶ And euen therwith he toke me by the sleue
¶ And sayd goo we hens for that sholde I best
¶ As good is ynough as a grete fest
¶ Thou hast seen ynough holde the content
¶ And euen with ꝑ forthe with hym I went

¶ Tyll he had me brought agene to my bedde
¶ where he me founde and then pruyely
¶ He stale awaye I coude not vnderstande
¶ were he became but sodeynly
¶ As he came he went I tell you verylly
¶ whiche done fro slepe I gan to awake
¶ My body all in swet began for to shake

¶ For drede of the syght that I had sene
¶ wenyng to me all had be trew
¶ Actuelly done where I had bene
¶ That bat yll holde twene Vyce & Vertew
¶ But when I see hit hit was but a whew
¶ A dreme a fantasy & a thyng of nought
¶ To study theron I had nomore thought

¶ Tyll at the last I gan me bethynke
¶ For what cause shewed was this vysyon

I knew not wherfore I toke pen & ynke
And paper therof to make mencyon
In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon
That noo defaute were found in me
Wheron accused I ought for to be

For slouthe that I had left hit vntolde
Neyther by mouthe nor in remembrauce
Put it in wrytyng where thorugh manyfolde
Wayes of accusacio myght torne me to greuauce
All this I sawe as I lay in a traunce
But wheder it was with myne eye bodely
Or not in certayn god knoweth & not I

That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele
Soo large by my wyll it longeth not to me
Were hit dreme or vysyon for your owne wele
All that shall hit rede here rad or se
Take therof the best & let the worst be
Try out the corne clene from the chaff
And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

To stande by at nede of ye wyll it holde
And walke by the way of Vertue
But al wey beware be ye yong or olde
That your Frewyll ay to Vertue more
Apply than to Vyce the easyer may be bore
The burden of the felde that ye dayly fyght
Agayn your iii. enemyes for all her gret myght

That is to say the Deuyll & the Flesshe
And also the worlde with hith his glosyng chere
whiche on you loketh euer newe & fresshe
But he is not as he dooth apere
Loke ye kepe you ay out of his daungere
And loo the vyctory shall ye obteyne
Vyce fro you expled & Vertue in you reyne

And then shall ye haue the trūphall guerdon
That god reserued to euery creature
Aboue in his celestyall mansyon
Joye & blysse in fynyte eternally to endure
wherof we say we wolde fayne be sure
But the way thyderwarde to holde be we lothe
That oft sythe causeth ý good lord to be wrothe

And by our deserte our habytacyon chaūgeth
Fro Joye to payne & woo perpetuelly
From his glorious syght thus he vs estraūgeth
For our vycyous lyuyng thorugh our owne foly
wherfore let vs praye to that lorde of glory
whyle we in erthe be ý he wyll yeue vs grace
So vs here to guyde that we may haue a place

Accordyng to oure Regeneracyon
which heuenly spyrytes his name to magnyfy.
whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon
Offryng hymselfe on the crosse to his fad on hy
Now benygne Jhesu that boren was of Mary
All that to this bysyon haue gyuē her audyence

¶ Graunte eternall Joye after thy last sentence

A M E N

¶ Here endeth a lytyll Treatyse
named The assemble of goddes